

FRIDAY, JUNE 1, 1917

# *Reedy's* MIRROR

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Invariably—rare flavor, appetizing fragrance and nutritive wholesomeness are sealed in every bottle of Budweiser.

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ANHEUSER-BUSCH ST. LOUIS

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FOR HEADACHES NEURALGIA AND LAGRIPE **TABLETS**

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JUNE 1, 2, 3, 4

CARDINALS vs. NEW YORK

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In a 1917 offering of Characteristic Dances and Gowns  
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Vaudeville's Daintiest Character Comedienne  
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**MORTIMER, TYRELL & HOLT**  
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Printing & Publishing Co.  
Creative Advertising Service

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—one of the many time-beguiling sports of the Ozarks.

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our 60-page illustrated booklet will tell you how economically a vacation may be spent in this beautiful country so close to home—free upon request.

### The Fisherman

Leaves Saint Louis Saturdays 2:20 pm  
Arrives Saint Louis Sundays 9:40 pm



Vacation Department  
322 North Broadway, Saint Louis



## COLUMBIA

Orpheum Vaudeville  
2:15—Daily—8:15

Mats., 10c to 50c. Eves., 10c to 75c

### NAT M. WILLS

The Happy Tramp  
Frances Nordstrom and Wm. Pinkham. Ethel Hopkins. The Astaires. Palfrey-Hall & Brown. Tower & Darrell. Jack and Kitty Demaco. Orpheum Weekly.

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With Billy Morse and Bob Temple. See and hear the Scenes of Actual Warfare, the Approach of the Zeppelins, the Destruction of the Barracks, and other scenes.

## GRAND OPERA HOUSE 10c-20c

Garry McGarry, presenting the Garden of Aloha, with Pauline Thurston, and an orchestra of four native Hawaiians. The California Orange Packers, presenting an industrial novelty. McCormack and Wallace, in The Theatrical Agent. Frank Morrell, blackface comedian. Kelly and Fern, in the Honeymooners. Bill and Bob Millard, offering a Miniature Vaudeville Revue. Hector, the mind reading dog. Wolgast and Gille, in an artistic creation. Animated Weekly and Comedy Pictures.



# REEDY'S MIRROR

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ST. LOUIS, FRIDAY, JUNE 1, 1917

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## REEDY'S MIRROR

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WILLIAM M. REEDY, Editor and Proprietor.

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## Reflections

By William Marion Reedy

Welcome to the Ad Men

NEXT week St. Louis will belong to the members of the Associated Advertising Clubs of the World in convention assembled. They are a fine bunch and they will be well taken care of. They are civilizers. The motive of their lives is to draw people together in exchange of service. They are the earth's cheeriest yes-sayers. They assert and proclaim the best of everything and they give prosaic trade a touch of imagination. Advertising men are missionaries of the democratic idea in that they work for the inclusion of all men in a share of the goods of life. Their cult, their art or science or both, is that of the expansion of satisfactions both temporary and durable. Time was perhaps when fancy led their efforts astray, but now they are of necessity truth-tellers. Their work has gone beyond mere mercantilism. Now it is being enlisted in causes of world-wide betterment, in the concentration of the public mind upon purposes transcending self, in promoting co-operative peace rather than fomenting strife, in emphasizing men's classes' and nations' agreements rather than differences. All this will be found connoted in the admirable essay, "Co-operative Advertising and Industrial Peace," by Mr. Arthur Acheson, which I print in this issue by way of welcome to the great convention gathering here next Monday. Mr. Acheson's essay suggests to the intelligence of readers a lot of things that are not clearly writ in his article. He leads them to the mount of vision whence they may see the future and hear its call

to them for help in shaping a world of saner co-ordination of effort. He speaks of brotherliness instead of division and of accommodation rather than conflict. For the MIRROR he welcomes the Associated Advertising Clubs of the World to St. Louis in words that are an inspiration.

ST. LOUIS is going to do another big thing in communal aesthetic activities next week: the great production of the opera "Aida" in the open air municipal theater in Forest Park. The success of the pageant and masque will be duplicated. It will be an historical and beautiful event, another demonstration of our advance in democracy.

### The Wheat Shortage

SENATOR REED of Missouri is in some quarters condemned for his opposition to the scheme of food control, fixation of prices and so forth. What? Does anyone doubt that all that sort of thing should be left to Mr. Herbert C. Hoover? It is almost treason, but Senator Reed does doubt. Now we may come in time to the necessity for such control by one central authority, and when we do, Senator Reed will probably be for it, but he doesn't want the country to plunge into it right away. There's something to be said for that, especially as the exaggerated declaration of the need of such action is responsible in no small degree for the recent atrocious rise in the cost of living. Mr. Edgar, whom I have referred to elsewhere, says that there is a vast deal of hyperbole in the statements made as to the shortage of the wheat crop. He repudiates the idea that the country is on the verge of starvation and he speaks from knowledge based upon the information in the possession of the great milling interests in the northwest. He says that there is more than sufficient wheat in the United States and Canada at the present time to meet the requirements of the allies as well as those of North America. Allowing for loss in transit, fully aware of the maximum requirements, and adding a large quantity as a measure of safety, he is convinced that unless the Almighty sees fit to punish this country for its sins, whatever they may be, by unprecedented crop failures, not only of wheat but of barley, rye, oats and corn, North America will produce more than enough cereals suitable for nutritious and appetizing human food, amply to satisfy both the domestic and the foreign demand. "No one is going hungry in the United States this year or next." The so-called wheat shortage is psychological rather than actual. Mr. Edgar advocates economy, but not a panic economy. He has had thirty years' experience in studying the wheat and flour question and I should say that he knows more about it than does Mr. Hoover. In fact there is a good deal of panicky talk about all the supplies, and it is talk that so far has benefited nobody but the price-boosters. Flour was sent soaring by the representatives of the Allies bidding against each other for the wheat supply, and this, too, was panic. And speaking of the general proposition that the government shall take over everything, it is true as Senator Reed says, that business must be left some opportunity to make money to pay the taxes that are to be levied against it. It is well to organize for better production and distribution, but it is not well to go to a socialistic basis of society and government at one imperfectly considered fell swoop. Socialism as exemplified in the action of the governments at war proves that socialism is a desperate remedy in an abnormal situation, not that it is a good thing in itself in normal times. Individualist democrats are

not to be condemned for unwillingness to socialize everything all at once upon generalizations from insufficient facts.

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### Mastery of the Air

IT is not improbable that the war may turn out to be an actualization of Mr. H. G. Wells' fictional "War in the Air." France wants 15,000 aeroplanes and Great Britain as many more. Germany can probably turn out aeroplanes as fast as both France and Great Britain. Air control is important in land-fighting. Which side soever secures it has a big advantage in knowledge of the movements of the other side. Aeroplane service is valuable for spotting and potting submarines. The aeroplane is the best offset to the Zeppelin. So it seems that the United States must supply the machines and aviators to make certain the inferiority of the German supply in that department of deadly activity. We can turn them out, standardized, as rapidly as we turn out automobiles.

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### Epigram

"DON'T TELL ME," says an Irish reader of this paper, "that there is no retribution in history. It was an Irishman, Holland, who invented the submarine."

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### Censorship

RECOMMENDATIONS equivalent to orders have been issued to the press outlining the kind of news the papers are to agree not to print. They seem harmless enough, but they are only tentative and temporary. Almost certainly there will be others and stronger. The government can do a great deal through control of the telegraph and mails. The tendency of a censorship is to lighten rather than loosen. But the censorship tends also to hinder rather than help a government in fighting a war. Suppose the censorship had prevented Lord Northcliffe from exposing the disorganization under General French, or from pointing out the need of big shells rather than shrapnel. Criticism of French and Kitchener and Sir Ian Hamilton may be said to have saved the English army. Criticism and exposure brought about much needed changes in the control of the British navy. Daring journalism compelled changes in the English cabinet that are now agreed to have been all to the good. Journalistic exposure forced the English authorities to take adequate measures against the Zeppelins and the same force has been for a long time pointing out deficiencies in the plans to combat the submarines. The government failed to conceal the fact that the Jutland naval battle was almost a defeat. Journalism told the truth that compelled changes in men and in methods. If the war had gone on as it started and British journalism had been completely muzzled, it seems that the allies would have been defeated beyond all question a year ago. Journalism was pretty well smothered on the subject of Russian luke-warmness in the war until the revolution disclosed what the papers were not permitted to print, that the Russian court was pro-German and was holding back the army. The London Nation was recently forbidden the foreign mails because it intimated that the British troops had not made the most of the drive on the Hindenburg line, and now it seems that there was a good basis for that criticism. Of course the press of a nation should not give information to that nation's enemies, but as a matter of fact most of the big things that newspapers have been forbidden to make known to the English people were things thoroughly well known to the enemy. A drastically censored press does only one thing surely—it protects incompetents



in authority. The published recommendations to the American press are not drastic but much remains behind. We may be sure, however, that the press will not stay muzzled if occasion calls for criticism or exposure of errors in the conduct of the war. It will be impossible to gag all the papers.

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#### Build Both

GENERAL GOETHALS erred in taste and tactics when he chose a steel trust banquet as the occasion for a declaration in favor of a steel rather than a wooden merchant marine. The common sense conclusion about small vessels to supply the Entente with food is that the government will build steel ships and wooden ships will be constructed by private corporations. We shall need them all.

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#### Help the Railroads

WHAT is the government going to do for the railroads? They ask for increased freight rates and the shipping organizations and others say "No!" Yet the railroads need more cars and tracks and locomotives. All these things cost money. The railroads can't borrow the money. They are not considered good investments. Without cars, tracks in better condition and locomotives, the railroads cannot move the supplies that are needed by our allies, to say nothing of taking care of domestic needs in transportation. Railroads may run fewer trains and practice other economies and save money, but they need some billions of dollars to put themselves into proper condition, according to the late James J. Hill. If they can't issue bonds and sell them and if they cannot raise their rates, they must seek another source of supply. There seems to be only one. They must try to borrow the money from the government, ask the government for the loan of its credit to finance the lines. Will the government loan that credit? Such a proposition will be fought most bitterly, but the government will have to come to it or take over a lot of dilapidated systems and do the work of rehabilitation itself. If the government can consider loaning its credit to facilitate ship building, it can do the same with regard to the railroads. This proposition promises to be an issue in this country before long. The alternative will be government ownership.

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#### Apportioning Trade

WHAT are we going to do about steel? There is to be a tremendous demand for it, for government work and private enterprise. Government must be supplied first. After that a board of control will have to take a hand in the steel business and in other business as well. That board will have to examine all the demands and it will have to single out those that shall be supplied, according to the immediacy and importance of the need of private business. This order may have to be held back and that one forwarded. The execution of the orders will have to be apportioned to the various manufacturers and proportioned to needs of the various enterprises calling for supply. This will have to be worked out carefully in the matter of copper, leather, rubber, acids, clothing, cement. The place of production of the material will have to be specified in order to save time and transportation charges, in order that all industries may be kept going at full capacity. The leaders in the various forms of production will have to throw their works open to examination and this implies that the government will have information as to the cost of production and will be able to keep profits from becoming too great. Orders will have to be cut down in many places and cut out in some. Some who put in the orders will be told they must use substitutes for what they ask. The man who wants tin for a million face powder boxes will be told the tin is needed for something more important and instructed to use containers of paper. Big concerns will not be permitted to gobble up supplies necessary to their smaller competitors. And when there are demands from different sections for the same thing the supply will be divided among all of them. There is to be no "hogging," no favoritism. Most needed things will be supplied first and other things in the order of their importance, and every-

body will be compelled to take just as little as he can get along on. All of which is paternalistic, of course. But it is also war. The question is how much of the system will be carried over into business after the war. Much of it undoubtedly in modified form. All of it, not likely. We are not going to lick Germany in order to become another Germany.

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#### Another Efficiency Story

THAT story I printed last week about the German high authorities bundling up the dead soldiers after battles and shipping them to a reduction works back of the lines to be rendered into such component chemical parts as may be used to replenish the supply of ammunition, now appears to have no other foundation than the fact that dead horses and other animals are so treated by the cadaver reduction works. It was well that I emphasized the point that the story came from the press of Germany's enemies. There is another story of German efficiency to the limit that has been received with much credence. It is the story that the German authorities, in order to provide for man power after the war, were practically driving women up behind the army at the front in order that they might be put in the way of becoming mothers without the preliminaries of formal civil or religious marriage. The state is said to be speeding up baby-production, the children to be accorded parentage by the government and the ban of illegitimacy abolished. There is no proof of this except stories by way of Holland or Switzerland, wholly unauthenticated. It is *ben trovato*, to all who accept anything and everything that accords with the efficiency myth. But the German people, besides being efficient, are sentimental, and it is not probable that they would tolerate a policy of state-directed impregnation such as this story outlines. It is entirely probable that after the war Germany will legitimize children born out of wedlock and provide for their care and education, but this will be something quite different from official encouragement of miscellaneous bastardy. With women outnumbering men as they will so tremendously after the war, there will be undoubtedly a great proliferation of war babies, not alone in Germany, but in France and England and Italy. The need of workers will compel the conservation of those children, but there is absolutely no proof that the German government is herding women near soldiers' camps to multiply babies without marriage. The Germans will do much for Germany but they would hardly stand for that. We forget that there is a strong religious vein in the German people. German Catholics are more Catholic than the Pope. German Lutherans are anything but liberal in their opinions about matters on which this programme of population has bearing and the people generally, while most submissive to the state as the embodiment of self-sufficing power, are far from being such atheists as to assent to a policy of annihilating the institution of the family. If this baby-booming story were true, the long awaited and much hoped for revolution in Germany would come very soon.

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#### More German Frightfulness

Now Germany announces that hereafter all entente hospital ships found in the barred zones will be sunk, except some plying between Saloniki and Gibraltar. She says the British use hospital ships to transport supplies and fit fighting men, but that does not make it so. Suspected hospital ships could be stopped and searched, and ships going home to England could not well be reckoned as carrying supplies or fighting men to the front. The exception made as to these ships in the Mediterranean is so hedged about with restrictions as to their sailing as to render their operation as hospital vessels impossible. For instance, their speed must be regulated and that speed notified to Berlin six weeks in advance and then they shall be subject to German inspection at any neutral port they may touch. This means that the sick and wounded must be delayed in their progress to the place for their recuperation and restoration. Hospital ships going to the fronts might be suspected of being engines of war, but

when leaving the battle fronts they are withdrawing from the struggle. Sinking such ships is simply nothing but German "frightfulness" in one of its most of many disgusting phases. It is clear repudiation of the rules of civilized warfare, without even the devil's excuse of necessity. No wonder it is now Germany alone against the moral conscience of the world!

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#### Put the Colonel to Work

ONE of the best things President Wilson could do right now would be to pick out some big war job and put Col. Theodore Roosevelt in it. There are many hundred thousand Americans who oppose Col. Roosevelt in politics but have an affectionate admiration for him as a man and a citizen. All these would rejoice to see him placed where he could conspicuously serve his country. He appeals to the American imagination, to the American heart. Given a post of action and of honor he would be a strong force in solidifying American determination and creating American enthusiasm.

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#### T. B. in the French Army

CONSCRIPTIONISTS to a finish have condemned bitterly the course pursued in England in the liberal policy of exemptions. But in France it is found that conscription of everybody is a policy with an inherent weakness. We are just learning that the ravages of tuberculosis in the French trenches is something frightful. It has alarmed France. The white plague is greater among the French than among the English troops. Why? Because in France every man had to go to the front. Exemptions were rare. In Great Britain the physical standards for soldiers were kept very high. Only the soundest men were taken. They have stood the trench life splendidly. Moreover, in France there has not been such a campaign in the past ten years against tuberculosis as has been made in England and in this country. The French have neglected that disease. Now they are paying for it. Tuberculosis is crippling the army worse than the German shells. Tuberculosis is not the least of the reasons why the French mission was so urgent that American troops be sent to the front. The discovery should make the authorities here all the more careful to reject for army service men of tuberculous tendency or of weakness inviting tuberculosis. It is a good rather than a bad sign that the enlistments in our army and navy are few because the rejections of applicants are so many. Only the fittest men should be put in the fighting and those men should be trained to the last degree possible consistent with the limitation of time for action. The proposal to call the men for duty in September is therefore a sensible one. It is better to send over a good, sound army later than to send a soft, large one early.

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#### Disingenuous Drys

GRAPEVINE advices from Washington are to the effect that in the course of no very long time we shall have national prohibition on the plea of war necessity. But England and France and Germany are more necessitous than we are, and they have not gone on a prohibition basis. Liquor does not impair their fighting power. As for Russia, she's said to be doing no drinking, but also she's doing no fighting. There's no use arguing the morals of prohibition now, but it is none the less true that it would be a disingenuous political trick to fasten upon the people under plea of war necessity a moral regulation sought by a fanatic minority. If we find we shall need the grain that goes into liquor-making it may be advisable to save it for food, but that cannot be determined for some time. There is no better authority on the grain supply than Mr. William S. Edgar, editor of *The Northwestern Miller* and *The Bellman*, and he says that all the talk of a grain famine is senseless panic without any foundation in fact. He speaks chiefly of wheat, but what he says is correspondingly true as to rice and barley and corn and rye. To destroy the liquor interest without compensation would be an outrage. The making of liquor can be drastically regulated and it should be undoubtedly, but the drys should not be



permitted to put prohibition over on the rest of the people as a war measure, without submission of the matter to the people. It is not clear that prohibition is yet necessary, even as a war measure.

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*About Some News*

WHEN the censorship is on as it is now to a certain extent, one becomes dubious about all the "news" in the papers. For instance, just about the time the Italian commission arrived in Washington there was an outbreak of remarkable Italian "victories" in the columns devoted to the war. They probably occurred—those victories, but they were so coincident with the need of the hour for a little pro-Italian enthusiasm that their appearance bore a suspicious resemblance to the fine press-agent work of the members of the Friars. There was more war-stuff of the same kind at critical stages of the universal service bill. There's a lot of play for the psychology of advertising in this war. There is no less in Germany than here. Public opinion has to be manoeuvred and accelerated or slowed down at one time or another in furtherance of military and diplomatic ends. If public opinion isn't right, diplomats and generals can do very little. And we need no better proof of the recognition of the necessity of controlling public opinion than the distribution of President Wilson's war message by allied aviators in the German lines.

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*Our Troops in France*

WE are sending soldiers to France, but there are serious problems concerned with how they shall fight. Shall they fight under French or British leaders or under Americans? Clearly enough it is seen that the American soldier should fight as an American, under responsible American officers. It will hardly do to permeate foreign forces with our men for the sake of training and early action, later to be consolidated into American divisions. The readjustment might have disorganizing effect. When the Germans are defeated our work will be done. When it comes to peace-making, our allies' terms may not be ours. If our soldiery is distributed through the military organizations of the allies, there would be a difficulty in our using them so as to give effect to our representations concerning the peace terms. Our troops should be independent but co-operating forces, to be used for our purposes, not for those of our allies. We might not want them to fight for terms that would not conform with our professions on entering the war. Our force should be free to act in any way that might involve a refusal to support a further prosecution of the war beyond the establishment of such terms of peace as seem fair to us. We are, for example, not out to crush Germany, only to defeat her. We are not in the war for the ambitions of our allies. If we stay aloof we will be able not alone to bring the Germans to terms, but to force our own allies to something like sweet reasonableness. France needs our men badly but the men should not be put in the fight otherwise than under direct control of American officers responsible for their lives and for the carrying out of our purposes as distinct from those of our allies. That is why we cannot rush men to France in great numbers right away. When the troops go they must go in mass great enough and condition hard enough to count heavily against the enemy, but they must so go that they may be withdrawn if our allies want to commit us to war for ends in conflict with those we have proclaimed. We must be prepared through our troops to have a decisive voice in the making of a real peace and not achieving conquest. In this matter of sending troops to France, as in most others, it is safer to go slow.

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*Dark Rosaleen*

I AM told that Great Britain has 200,000 soldiers in Ireland as a precaution against rebellion. Those soldiers are needed on the front in Flanders. They would be released to that service if Ireland had home rule. Therefore it would appear to be to the best interest of Great Britain to give Ireland home rule whether the Irish factions can or cannot agree. Ireland is the weakest spot in Great Britain's armor. And because the Irish factions know this they will

not agree, each wanting to rule or ruin. That is the Irish situation to-day and it's about as Irish a situation as ever happened. If the Irish nationalists had a leader with the cool nerve of Carson of Ulster they would win easily what they desire. Carson wouldn't trust England. The Irish nationalists did. They trust England yet, and the prospect is that the trust will be repaid by perfidy as before.

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*Where the Money Goes*

ONE of the striking facts brought out by the New York exhibit of the high cost of living was that of the 1,100,000 families in New York City, 833 families receive 17.4 of the ground rent of the city. Thirteen families receive 4.4 per cent. The Astor family receive 1.5 per cent. A proposal to tax all this ground rent into the public treasury for the benefit of the community is violently opposed by the land owners. But why should it not be so taxed? The land owners do not make the ground value. That is made by every man, woman and child who lives in New York or visits there. The community makes it and the community should get it. The community should also get the increment of value of the unoccupied land in New York City. If that value were taken there would be more houses built in New York, more work, more business, more health and comfort, fewer slums, less vice and crime. Those ground owners not only do not pay the tax they should, but they themselves tax the industry and the business and food and clothing of all the people. These few people have the great land values. Other landholders individually have very little in proportion. Taking all ground rent in taxation would take nothing that is earned by anybody but only that which is earned by everybody.

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*Overloading the Ass*

READING the House revenue measure one wonders whether the middle name of Chairman Claude Kitchin of the Ways and Means committee is not Duval. Gifford Pinchot showed the Senate committee its cumulative abominations and iniquities in the incidence of the taxes upon producers. The increases in import duties are little short of diabolical. And the heavy income taxes are more than offset by the taxes upon the poorer folk. Kitchin advised voting for all this with the eyes shut. He might have added, "Hold your noses." The Senate is now dabbling in the bill and will probably make it worse. The prospects are that our war taxes will be less democratic than those of monarchical Great Britain. One would not think it possible that a democracy could be so tenderly considerate not alone of wealth, but of privilege.

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*Tortuous Tariffing*

CONGRESS is doing some tariff raising, quite off-hand and without much advice from the public, but plenty, of course, from certain interests. Some of the absurdities are that heavy imports are being put on raw materials and manufactured articles this country will very much need in the prosecution of the war. Congress has not consulted the members of the tariff commission on the subject. Congress is not trying to tax the people to whom the government gives advantages. It is "soaking" the people who produce wealth. It makes no pretense of going after privilege as such. So far as the tax scheme has gone, it seems to be designed to make the burden of the war least heavy on those who should bear it. This is aside from the income tax. The proposed horizontal increase in customs duty is simply slovenliness. And Democrats fall for this sort of thing. Republicans naturally are joyous. The programme means protection. For an example of lunacy take the tax on paper from Canada just when there is a shortage of paper. Take the whole tariff tax on Canadian products, when we are confronted by a general shortage. The revenue measure is being patched up without regard to science or system and its operation generally tends to bring on evils we are trying to avoid and to interfere with our prosecution of the war. The excess profits tax is an amateur affair. In Great Britain this tax is based

upon an average of earnings for a period before the war. Congress fixes arbitrarily a supposed normal return on capital and taxes everything above that. Moreover, this excess profits tax of ours does not distinguish between profits in more or less normal trade and profits directly swollen by war business. It is of course desirable to pay the cost of war so far as possible by taxes rather than by borrowing, but that does not justify such headless, hit-or-miss revenue proposals as are found all through the bill that is still being tinkered.

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*Big Tax Dodging*

GOVERNMENT is letting a lot of revenue get away from it these days. Importers anticipating higher duties are releasing from bond a lot of goods and are ordering stuff at present rates far more than are in immediate demand. They pay the present low, but will charge the purchaser the future high duties. The government loses this interim revenue and the importer speculators make big gains. The tariff commission thought of this and recommended interim legislation on the subject, but congress has done nothing. The government will lose millions on tobacco, wines and liquors alone. In Europe when a government proposes advanced import duties, it proceeds to collect the proposed rates provisionally, at once. If the parliament does not raise the rates the money paid by the importers is refunded to them. In addition, contracts to furnish goods on a basis of lower duties are protected by permitting importers to add the higher rates to the purchase price when the tax rate is raised. It is suggested that the government here might exact of importers bonds guaranteeing payment of duty finally established. This would stop the wholesale evasions and would establish rates on a basis of normal imports and withdrawals. It would conserve capital for more needful expenditure than that upon elaborate evasion. But all this is too business-like for congress. It has no use for the experts. Congress goes right on haphazardly and it goes the easiest way, regardless of the fact that as its way leads to protection it leads to conditions that tend to perpetuate war rather than to promote peace.

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## Co-operative Advertising and Industrial Peace

By Arthur Acheson

ADVERTISING has been used with tremendous success for private ends, as the building up of many huge fortunes in this country plainly proves. The use of advertising for public, national and social purposes is comparatively new. A cognizance of its power for these purposes is spreading.

Even when used for private ends and with a selfish object, advertising has been a great factor in building up social thought and community spirit. The fact that a large number of people all believe alike regarding a brand of soap is a step towards making people think socially. The future of civilization lies in bringing classes and masses alike to think socially.

Great constructive social ideas may be promulgated by advertising, just as well as belief in material things. The greatest social conceptions of the greatest altruists and leaders of thought do not become operative through the direct influence of the small class of educated people, who first read and understand their conceptions and who, as a rule, are socially so advantageously placed as to be selfishly interested in preventing such ideas being put into active operation.

Not until such thought has permeated the mass mind and has reacted through mental contagion upon the classes, does it become operative. Nearly all great reformations and revolutions have had their inception in the thought of intellectuals who propounded ideas above the heads of the masses, who were tolerated by the classes as harmless Utopian dreams. Little by little, however, these alleged dreams percolated down into the mass mind. Jour-



nalists, public speakers, politicians, preachers, who had absorbed some portions of the great thought, translated it bit by bit into common language, until the mass gradually became imbued by it, but usually not until the need for its application had become so acute as to be a menace to society.

The tardy and halting progress of social justice through the centuries has been due largely to this unplanned and haphazard promulgation of enlightening and constructive social thought.

Now, in advertising we possess a power, which if consciously applied, can save all the time and all the blunders of the slow period of percolation of thought into the mass mind, a power which can quietly divert a yeasty and explosive thought from destructive into peaceful and constructive channels, saving all the time and energy consumed in the reactions which invariably follow the violent or untimely application of even the most beneficent and logical theories. A power, furthermore, which converts the resistant and self-interested classes to the new idea synchronously with the formation of the mass belief.

Advertising is the creator of the greatest of all human-energies, the irrepressible force of contagious belief.

The industrial conditions which have developed in the civilized countries of the world in the past seventy or eighty years, starting in England with the repeal of the corn laws and following later in France, Germany and the United States, are entirely responsible for the world war in which they are all now engaged. It is very evident that we have been upon the wrong track and that we are still upon the wrong track.

Industrialism may have made us materially efficient, but it has made us morally insensitive and spiritually callous in a terrible degree. In those centers and countries where efficiency is greatest, so are moral insensitiveness and spiritual callosity.

During this period, the sole object for which society exists—the reason for the American Revolution, the French Revolution and the English Revolution, *i. e.*, the common good—has been lost sight of in the mad individual and national scramble for wealth. The money-changer has become the sovereign power over these alleged-to-be-free peoples, while art, science and invention have been enslaved and become the henchmen of acquisitiveness.

The industrial development of this period has resulted in making dangerously unstable the social structure of every country supposed to be a beneficiary of it, by making the rich steadily richer and the poor, poorer. Had it not resulted in the great international cataclysm now in action, it would sooner or later have produced equally disastrous internal discord in the various countries involved.

At the present time, 2 per cent of our population own 65 per cent of the wealth, while 65 per cent of the people own only 5 per cent, and 30, 30 per cent. These figures apply approximately to all of the industrial countries engaged in the present war. The effect was practically the same under absolutism, limited monarchy, and republic, though with less excuse here, as we had fewer of the remains of age-old privilege as precedents.

The modern social system resembles the image of the King of Babylon's dream, with a head of gold, a torso of silver and brass, legs of iron and the feet of unamalgamable iron and clay. Labor, the friable clay of the feet, lacks strength to support the huge national overheads of waste, extravagance, class privilege and accumulating interest charges.

Every nation now engaged in the war insistently disclaims responsibility for it and all are, no doubt, alike sincere in their disclaimers and probably alike right. In Germany, Kaiserism merely lifted the lid off the fire and accelerated the catastrophe inevitable from such conditions. While the democratic countries are ostensibly fighting Kaiserism and militarism, they are actually fighting tyrannous and soulless industrialism. The great stone that smote the image in the king's dream was "cut out of the mountain, without hands," and later itself grew into a great mountain, filling the whole earth and becoming the

Kingdom of God, which consumed all other kingdoms, itself enduring forever. Though the astute captive Israelitish prophet sugar-coated the stern moral of the parable for the tyrant by likening him to the head of gold while comparing the later powers to baser metals, he yet here boldly predicted the end of privilege and the eventual triumph of world-wide social justice.

"In this," said he, "God had made known to the king what shall come to pass hereafter, and the dream is certain and the interpretation thereof sure."

When the present war is ended, the common people of the various countries now engaged will have some crows to pluck with their masters, who have led them into this mess. The war will have shown them their power, will have made them very cognizant of the fact that the common people are great people when there is trouble in hand. They will feel something of this greatness when peace comes, and be rather dubious about allowing the continuance of conditions that work out so disastrously for them. The thought will be—Shall we work hard and suffer for years and in the end have to fight and die to preserve, for our master's use, the fruits of our toil?

Let no complacent worshiper of the God of things as they are take umbrage to his soul that after the war is over, things will ever be entirely the same again as they were before, that society will settle back into the old ruts and the mad old illogical world jog along again in its mad old illogical way.

Democracy has attained a national and international consciousness never felt before in equal power. The absolute necessity for and the righteousness of universal service have been brought home and are being brought home to the people in our allied countries through privation and sacrifice. The reaction from the sacrifice which these democracies are making will have a reflex effect upon American democracy.

European democracy is no longer a "red fool fury of the Seine" piling "its barricades with dead," but sober, clear-eyed, reasonable and strong, sensing what it wants more clearly than in the past and conscious of its power to secure it. We, in America, the supposed world leaders of democracy, shall probably be the last to grasp the full significance of the change which has come about in the world, but we cannot escape it, if indeed we would.

The slogan "All must serve" is being implanted in the hearts and minds of people. "All must serve" they said to the common men of England and France and they have served and are serving, as hundreds of thousands of tombstones in these countries are showing. "All must serve" they said to the common men in Russia and they served and were tricked by the masters they served, so the masters have ceased to be masters.

"All must serve" they now say to the common man in the United States, and he, too, will serve, though he may grumble about fighting for what he calls the "special interests," who he believes are making and will make all the profits from the war, while he gets all the knocks.

In the days that are coming, the slogan "All must serve" will be echoed back from the masses who have given their services; from the families who have given their sons and their fathers.

Now—while this world-wide emotional current of democratic thought is surcharging the minds of men, while the herd-spirit is suggestible and open to impression—now is the time for American economic and industrial leaders to establish unity of feeling with the masses by adopting "service" as their slogan, by meaning it and by making the people conscious that they, too, welcome the privilege of serving.

This current of feeling has not yet reached high tide. Great things will yet be wrought and greater things be thought before it subsides; purposes and resolves now nebulously visioned by the kindled spirit of society will be made operative in the quiet years to come. Shall their operation here be directed by business men along sound economic lines or into political channels by demagogues? Such an elemen-

tal opportunity for leading the public consciousness will probably not come again in the time of men now living.

When the war is over and life resumes normal courses in the countries now engaged, it will be found that new spiritual and material conditions have arisen which will call for a drastic revision of our present ideas of international and domestic business methods.

The maximum of productive efficiency and economy will be necessary in order to meet foreign competition in the markets of the world. German productive efficiency will be greater than ever before and probably state aided. No credit is due to militarism or Prussianism for German industrial and scientific efficiency. If their control is removed, Teutonic industry, thrift and cohesiveness will still endure. The wealth and energy which before were diverted into a political purpose to dominate the world by force of arms will be used in the development of economic and industrial efficiency in an enhanced degree. Germany may yet win, by peaceful penetration, much that she seems likely to fail of achieving by force of arms.

English manufacturing will, in future, be both larger in volume and more scientifically conducted than in the past. She will have thousands of new men and women workers disciplined and trained in factory methods by their experience in the past three years in munition and other factories. For years past, the only free trade country in the world with her ports open on equal terms to every nation, she will now probably be forced to a tariff to protect her home markets and increase her powers of taxation.

If the United States is to succeed in securing its due proportion of foreign commerce against this effective competition, it can do so only by allowing and encouraging the formation and growth of large industrial entities and combinations, such as we have condemned in the past under the name of trusts.

It is not likely that this can be done successfully until a proper understanding is arrived at between capital and the workers, as well as the people at large, through the introduction of some system of profit sharing for labor and the frank acceptance of public supervision and regulation. No business that is conducted justly, honestly and efficiently need fear undue regulation. Such interests as are now being hampered by what they claim to be unjustly restrictive regulation are self-admittedly suffering for past sins. The onus of bringing this understanding about rests now with capital.

The development of a public consciousness congenial to a fair and just understanding and arrangement is, at present, the thing most to be desired by all. Failing this, what is the prospect? Is it not industrial strife, resulting national inefficiency with, in some instances, the possibility of enforced government ownership?

A desirable public attitude of mind can be brought about by scientifically conceived and executed propaganda of an open nature, indefinitely better than it can by any kind of secret propaganda, gum-shoeing or lobbying.

The wonderful solidarity and cohesiveness shown by the German people through all the privations and distresses of the present war are due almost entirely to consistent propaganda. The herd-spirit of the people was made responsive by appeals to the common good. It has taken the world in arms to resist the forces aroused by this propaganda. If the German rulers have misunderstood the psychology of the more individualistic peoples to whom they are opposed, they certainly seem to have taken full measure of the German mind.

In the United States remarkable things have been achieved in the past ten or fifteen years by propaganda, even of a most unscientific and haphazard nature. It is generally believed that both prohibition and suffrage will be established facts inside of the next five years. The enormous sales of trade-marked products that have been brought about in the past ten years by advertising propaganda fore-



shadow what could be accomplished by the same scientific methods of appeals for any other desirable object.

At the present time the United States ranks lowest in the number of savings depositors of any civilized country in the world, though it ranks highest in the average amount per depositor, as the following figures will show:

| Nation                | Est. Wealth  | Savings Banks<br>Accts. per<br>1000 pop. | Average<br>per<br>Depositor | Average deposit<br>per inhabitant |
|-----------------------|--------------|--|-----------------------------|-----------------------------------|
| Switzerland (1908)    | 4 billions   | 595                                      | 156.56                      | 86.47                             |
| Norway (1913)         |              | 168                                      | 113.10                      | 66.12                             |
| Denmark (1911)        |              | 436                                      | 165.28                      | 70.26                             |
|                       |              |  | 67.75                       | 26.96                             |
| Belgium (1912)        | 9 billions   | 412                                      | 238.07                      | 1.57                              |
| Japan (1915)          |              | 100                                      | 7.81                        | 1.88                              |
| France (1913)         | 50 billions  | 368                                      | 89.96                       | 19.55                             |
|                       |              |  | 53.21                       | 8.81                              |
| Germany (1913)        | 80 billions  | 356                                      | 196.30                      | 70.21                             |
|                       |              |  | 372.14                      | 20.35                             |
| Holland (1913)        | 5 billions   | 310                                      | 102.31                      | 8.23                              |
|                       |              |  | 41.39                       | 11.70                             |
| United Kingdom (1914) | 85 billions  | 320                                      | 136.87                      | 5.70                              |
|                       |              |  | 68.61                       | 20.12                             |
| Italy (1911)          | 20 billions  | 232                                      | 61.66                       | 10.87                             |
|                       |              |  | 9.59                        | 1.55                              |
| United States (1916)  | 190 billions | 109                                      | 487.30                      | 51.00                             |
|                       |              |  | 352.71                      |                                   |

When the wages paid in the United States are compared with those paid in these other countries, and the possibilities of the saving power of its people borne in mind, it does not appear to be a difficult thing—if the proper advertising methods are used—to make the savings deposits of this country the highest per inhabitant in the world in a comparatively short space of time.

It is, of course, easier to arouse desire for pleasure and to make people spend money, than it is to make people save money; but if the same quality of advertising were used to induce savings that is at present used in getting people to spend money, immense results could be achieved. While the national and private banks, savings banks and trust companies of this country spend an aggregate of about ten to fifteen million dollars a year in what they believe to be advertising, fully 90 per cent of their expenditure is objectless and generally resultless.

The average banker does not possess a very clear idea of what real advertising means. His training and experience in dealing with very specific and material things obscure to his vision the value of advertising appealing to the instincts, the emotions and the desires of the people and the great importance of indirection and suggestion in leading people in the mass along a desired way. Only that type of advertising which appeals to the instincts, desires or emotions is productive in the building of widespread public habit of mind.

No class of business man is, as a rule, so spiritually remote from the mass of his fellows as the banker; yet there is probably no class who believe more sincerely in the value and importance of their material service to society. The bulk of bank and financial advertising indulged in is money thrown away. When the banker advertises, he usually speaks in the conventional terms of his cult. He, in fact, advertises to himself. He conceives society as being made up entirely of people with banking knowledge and banking instinct and talks to them in banking language. He makes little or no appeal to the hopes, the desires, the instincts of the gregarious man-herd, which we call society. He has lost touch with the mass-soul, which is apt to regard him as a cold, impersonal and even unfriendly thing of discounts and interest; a kind of human "kitty" in the game of business who gets his, whoever else get theirs.

To the man in the masses, the local banks are often the visible representatives of what he regards as the financial interests or the money power. The banker is to him a stranger; the methods of banks, a mystery. When he goes on strike, he regards the bank as the local citadel and armory of the powers against which he strikes.

This lack of sympathy between the financial interests and the masses arises not from basic diversity of interests, but from a lack of mutual understanding which, in turn, has come from lack of intercommunication. "If I know not the meaning of the voice," says St. Paul, "I shall be to him that speaketh a barbarian and he that speaketh shall be a barbarian unto me."

The best way to turn a socially discontented man into a contented citizen is to teach him how to become a partner in the common wealth. It is a very significant fact that in those countries with the highest percentage of savings bank depositors, there is the smallest amount of friction between labor and capital and the fewest strikes.

There is in this country one industrial concern manufacturing and advertising certain household products, that reorganized and recapitalized their business about twenty-five years ago, issuing \$2,000,000 worth of common stock, which they sold at \$120 a share at that time. The present capital of this company is \$14,000,000 and the stock is worth \$850 to \$900 a share, making a total of over \$120,000,000.

This company has not had a single strike in all of their huge plants in the past twenty-five years. In the one year preceding their reorganization, they had fourteen strikes. The introduction of a profit-sharing plan at that time has since obviated all trouble of this nature.

Now it was not merely the material advantage that accrued to the workers, in this instance, that preserved this long peace. It was something spiritual. It was the consciousness that they were part of the whole. Their actual remuneration might possibly have been higher if the old plan had continued, but lacking the community of feeling and interest, trouble would undoubtedly have arisen. If the industrial and financial leaders of the United States once fully realized what a fundamental, persistent and irrepressible thing this community feeling is in man and adapted their policies to this law of nature instead of trying to run counter to it, the day of abiding industrial peace between labor and capital would be materially hastened. It is wisdom to flow with and direct the course of a current that cannot successfully be stemmed.

The financiers and the business leaders of this country are as shrewd, as far-seeing, as honest, as capable, as any in the world. With such efficient leaders, the profits which have accrued to this country from the present war have placed it in a financial position to assume the industrial leadership of the world. Are the relations between the masses and capital sufficiently cordial and sound to enable it to take full advantage of its great opportunity? If they are not, what is the thing most essential to bring about proper relations?

It is not only necessary that the people be brought to regard the financial interests of the country as their collaborators in service, but it is also very requisite that the financial interests should recognize the fundamental nature and irrepressible power of the mass-instinct in man.

Now while it may not be necessary for bankers and industrial leaders to make an exhaustive study of such an abstruse science as psychology, it is necessary for well-intentioned and well-informed men holding such responsible positions in the social, financial and industrial life of this country to become fully cognizant of and believers in the power of what the psychologists call the "herd-instinct." The greatest modern scientists now recognize *gregariousness as a primary instinct co-equal in power and vitality with the instincts of self-preservation, nutrition and sex*. "The inherited herd-instincts of man," says a recent writer, "are as essential to his well-being in life as are the vital organs of his body."

It does not matter how powerful the man or organization of men may be, if they are working in opposition to primary, natural, human instincts they are bound to be defeated in the end. Nearly all the social and political troubles the world has ever seen have arisen from attempts to suppress or subdue

this instinct. Strikes, riots, revolutions and reformations are invariably protests against attempts, or what are thought to be attempts, to subvert and control the herd-instinct, otherwise than in the common herd-interest.

Democracy, socialism and altruism are merely manifestations of the deep-seated and irrepressible herd-instinct, working towards its—possibly far off yet—ultimate goal, of permanent, social, national and international justice.

In the presence of the herd-instinct fully awakened, injustice is the most unstable thing in the world. In the past few years we have seen emperors, czars and kings toppled over like ninepins. Supported by the prestige of centuries, guarded by bureaucracies and armies, they have yet vanished over night before the awakened community spirit of man. Capitalism possessing none of the glamour of age-old prestige, linked up in no way with national sentiment, regarded as sordid and selfish by the masses, would prove infinitely more vulnerable to this spirit than outworn political figureheads. Monarchies, it has been said, are destroyed by poverty; republics by wealth (as a master).

While many of the financial and industrial leaders of this country seem to be awake to the necessity for industrial peace, the development of a broad sense of social justice lags, though much is being written of a tentative and academic nature in regard to it in financial and class journals.

The necessity of getting in touch with the public and reaching them through habit and sentiment building propaganda is not generally recognized and principally for the reason that bankers and financiers, as a rule, know nothing whatever about real advertising and how it works.

Why are stocks and bonds of the American Telephone & Telegraph Co. regarded so favorably as investments? How does this company so successfully expand its field of operations year after year with little or no governmental restriction or public opposition? To the excellence of its service, the courtesy and civility of its employees, the fairness of its rates and above all, to the manner in which it has established genial relations with the public by consistent "service" propaganda, are undoubtedly due its favor both with the investing and the general public.

The banking interests of this country are performing a public service faithfully and well which pales into insignificance in value and necessity that performed by the company above mentioned. An equal public cognizance of the intent, the value and the spirit of this service would pay equal, if not greater good will, not only to the banks individually, but to the financial and industrial interests in general.

If ten to twenty per cent of the money now being spent each year by the banks of the United States in the stilted, lifeless and generally worthless announcements which they regard as advertising, were used instead in a co-operative national effort to get in contact with the people by leading them to regard banks as necessary and efficient public servants, it would produce many times the spiritual effect as well as a much greater specific effect in bank profits than is now produced by the whole expenditure.

It is not sufficient that we are financially powerful enough to master productive processes and materials and make ourselves efficient. It is essential also that the people be made conscious of the spirit of this effort and that our financial and industrial leaders give and clearly express to the people that which they so insistently ask of them, a real spirit of co-operative service. An expression of this spirit and purpose, that will get across to the masses, will go far to create good will and arouse a sense of the necessity for public co-operation.

There is no greater word in our vocabulary than the word "service," when it means what it says. There is no better ideal for man individually or corporatively to set forth and inculcate than the spirit of service. There is no surer means for the leaders in the economic expansion that we all desire, to attain spiritual contact with the people, than a clear expression of this spirit.



The few men in recorded history who have won the very highest place in human regard and who, as time passes, loom ever larger in our eyes, do not owe their pre-eminence to our respect for their intellectual power nor even to the material benefits they may have bestowed upon mankind, but altogether to the spirit of their work and the manner in which they have been able to express this spirit so as to reach our instincts and emotions.

Who fails to recognize in Abraham Lincoln a universal brother or to feel in Shakespeare a lover of mankind?

That Francis Bacon possessed the greatest practical intelligence and reasoning power ever displayed in man and that he was, in addition, the father of modern science and industry, are facts of biographical history known to a comparatively limited number of students, but his name and fame evoke no responsive echo from our hearts, while the Gettysburg speech will still thrill each individual spine in the dumbest audience, and the woes of *Desdemona* and *Juliet* bring tears to the driest eyes.

Now it is not necessary for industrial, financial and public service leaders to write plays or to make Gettysburg speeches, but it is very essential—if they would continue to lead and to help this country to develop upon sound, economic lines so as to meet the world competition which is coming—that they recognize the duties and responsibilities of their stewardships, that they direct and perform these duties in a high spirit of service and above all things, that they shall make themselves articulate to and understood by the people. The day of aloofness, of seclusion, of superiority to or independence of society, as a whole, has gone. The day of interdependence, of co-operation, of understanding, is here and has come to stay.

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## Mrs. Chichester's Confession

By Harry B. Kennon

SUNDAY morning breakfast at the Robinsons' is a divine institution of delicious food and pleasant conversation; for the Robinsons, though long since translated to a northern city, are southern-born people who cling to certain old customs of leisure. As years go, neither Robinson nor his sisters are young, but they renew their youth by contact, and they have guests of a Sunday morning just as they have cream waffles. Usually there is a guest of the week-end whom the Robinsons invite former friends to meet. Mary Chichester happened to be such a guest.

Robinson had arrived home too late the night before to greet the lady and he looked forward to the taking up again of an old friendship with pleased curiosity. He wondered what manner of woman breezy Polly Edwards had become. He had always expected fine things of Polly. His last sight of her had been at her wedding, ten years ago, a sight as beautifully satisfying to his eyes as desolating in other ways. He had been no more in love with her than with half a hundred other pretty girls. Even then Archie Robinson had the reputation of being a safe old bachelor. But Polly's naturalness had been charming, and Robinson had looked into a gap at her going. Since that wedding night Hugh Chichester had risen from a chap comfortably in debt to the disquieting position of one of America's smaller magnates. New York had called him to her arms, as she has called other western men, and New York had been kind to him. So the Chichesters made their home in the East when not abroad. Mary Chichester had traveled extensively. Robinson was delighted to find her at his right hand.

He had been prepared for fineness in Polly but not for the fine Mrs. Chichester, whom he could not address as Mary. The cool poise of the perfectly-garbed, handsome woman denied friendly familiarity. And she and Robinson had been great friends. He found himself wondering what she had done with the western girl he had liked so. Her talk

was easy and her voice pleasant. She was telling of life in English country houses.

"Do you know," she said, "the English find us rather difficult. They can't place us."

Robinson laughed. "Aren't we Americans obvious enough?" he asked.

"None more so," answered Mrs. Chichester. "The English like us, I am sure—and I am sure they find our obviousness entertaining. But they're afraid of us, the best of them—afraid to take us in, I mean. That kind of thing has been all happily settled with them for ages, you know."

Robinson responded with a platitude about British conservatism, followed up by an inquiry as to what particular thing was happily settled in these unsettled times.

"I don't know that I can illustrate my meaning better than by quoting dear old Lady Abercrombie," said Mrs. Chichester. "She is devoted to Americans, you know—quite devoted. She has been over several times. . . ."

Almost everyone at the table of eight had heard of the famous old peeress. Her recent visit to the country, upon the occasion of her youngest son's marriage to an heiress of American millions, had been well taken care of by the newspapers. Some there remembered a picture of Lady Abercrombie, in full court costume, taken before the bridegroom's birth—a stock photograph that had done yeoman service in society news. . . .

"She said," continued Mrs. Chichester, "that she couldn't understand a country with no middle class, and complained that she could never exactly place the American she talked to. It quite disturbed the poor old dear."

"I hope you reassured her," said Robinson.

"Why, it was quite easy to do," confessed Mrs. Chichester, simply. "I told her that she was addressing an American of the middle class at that moment."

Robinson gasped. "You told her that," he said.

"Why, yes," explained Mrs. Chichester, with a smile that embraced all of her listeners. "It's true, isn't it? People of the wealthy American upper class do not know that we are alive."

There was no gainsaying that statement by a man in Robinson's position. Mrs. Chichester sat at his table above the salt. He shifted the subject and held up his end in the talk following. But, somehow, he reacted more kindly to the charm of waffles than to his guest's conversation thereafter. She was the first American of his knowing to accept the middle class label.

That the United States of America had been stigmatized as a middle class nation amused Robinson almost as much as Mrs. Humphrey Ward's notorious reference to the American peasant. One, to him, was as absurd as the other. Misapprehension of our industrial social fluidity coming from our cousins across the water, inured as they are to a monarchic democracy of seemingly satisfying class distinctions, was not to be wondered at. He had noted, too, the use of the term "middle class" applied to Americans in certain eastern journals; one had luxuriated in the French word *bourgeoisie*. Such things had arrested his attention as examples of stupid affectation. But when it came to Americans labeling themselves middle class, or permitting others to so label them, Robinson lost patience. And here was a girl he had known almost all of her life as a fine American girl willingly degrading herself. It was too bad.

Mary Edwards had been reared on a thriftily tilled Illinois farm. Her parents had been good, plain, salt-of-the-earth people. Her husband had come of honorable western merchant stock. Both had enjoyed college training and other advantages that should have made of them aristocrats that only democracy can produce. Aside from his prosperity, Robinson had no idea of Hugh Chichester's later development. Mary Chichester had just declared herself.

Now Robinson believed heartily in American aristocracy and hoped he belonged to it. His aristocracy, however, admitted of no class. He was thoroughly

aware of the plutocratic set in his country and of the parasitic set; of the nauseating set that spatters you blue with their blood; of vagrants and prostitutes; of intellectuals and those who labor with their hands; of financiers, merchants and clerks. He did not divide these into upper, middle and lower classes. The atoms shifted too constantly. To him an aristocrat was simply one struggling to maintain a clean heart and to live up to that heart's whisperings, a hard struggle in any society. Fine manners had little to do with his aristocracy and he laid no great stress on severe morals; laid none whatever on color or station in life. Manners could be acquired and saints had found morals fragile; other conditions were accidents. Up to now he had never seen a middle class American, though he met American aristocrats every day and everywhere. Mrs. Chichester was a new dish on his table.

Eight people cannot come together in these troublous times and part without speaking of what burdens the minds of all and, naturally, Robinson's guests discussed the war. But one incident of the discussion is relevant to Mrs. Chichester.

"Do you think this horrible condition *can* last much longer?" she asked, prayerfully clasping her shapely hands.

"I did not think it could last so long," answered Robinson.

"The war will probably last forever," asserted one of Mary Chichester's old friends, a woman whose candor Robinson dreaded.

"Oh, don't say anything so frightful, Mollie!" exclaimed Mrs. Chichester.

"We are fighting for democracy, aren't we?" urged the candid one.

"Yes, oh, yes!" ejaculated Mrs. Chichester, fervently. "And we'll win! Once Germany is defeated—"

"Nonsense!" interrupted Mollie. "You may wipe every Hohenzollern off the face of the earth and be no nearer democracy than before. This world will never know democracy until the snobs are all dead."

Robinson glanced fearfully at his guest of honor and thanked his God that the Mollie shot was a shot of parting. But he need not have been alarmed. The lady only smiled blandly at her friend's whimsy. "Well," he thought, "that was a near thing. Of course, Mrs. Chichester missed the application. A middle class person would."

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## Zuloaga

By John L. Hervey

PERHAPS there is no æsthetic phenomenon more strange than that which we encounter in Spain, the land which to almost every other civilized race has from time immemorial seemed an incarnation of poetry and romance yet remains poetically and romantically so inarticulate herself.

You may never have stopped to think of it—but Spain is the only country of the major class which has produced no world-poet or romancer. She has produced what is perhaps the greatest single work of prose fiction yet written in any language, but "*Don Quixote*" while replete with the formal elements of both poetry and romance is an incomparable masterpiece of their deadliest antinomy, the ironic. We have ceased to regard Lope de Vega or Calderon as poets—they exist for us only as dramatists. Herrera, Gongora and Espronceda are little more than names outside Spain itself, and names to all but Hispanophiles unfamiliar. What is greatest in Spanish poetry is to be found in the "*Romancero*" and the "*Poema del Cid*," those "patchwork epics" which have served as mines for all subsequent generations, which are still rich in materials to the point of inexhaustibility. Yet both lack the estate of finished organisms of the first order and cannot rank as great world-poems. In music, Iberian themes and motives, Iberian character and *locale*, have inspired composers of other races to the production of immortal works—but none has come out of Spain herself. In graphic and plastic art she can claim



masters of the first rank and the fore-front of the second—Velasquez, Murillo, Ribera, Zurbaran; and Borasá, who is caviare to the general but is placed upon a heaven-kissing pinnacle by Mr. Huntington Wright. These among the elders—with, among the moderns, Goya, Fortuny and their successors of today. And yet, where among these is the poet? For the most part they have painted what they have seen and known rather than what they have felt. Murillo is the best poet of them all—a bourgeois poet if you will, but yet a poet still, rising occasionally to a lyricism pure and true, if by no means equally original. If you ask why I say nothing of El Greco, it is because he was not a Spaniard but a Greek, a Greek formed on Venetian models.

All these things passed somewhat idly and fortuitously through my mind yet remained insistently at the back of it as I "promenaded"—to use the Stendhalian term beloved of Mr. Huxley—through the series of rooms in which the traveling exhibition of the work of Ignacio Zuloaga is being exposed, through the month of May, at the Art Institute, Chicago; from which it will move on in its itinerary to St. Louis, where it will be on exhibition at the City Art Museum from June 3rd to July 1st. The tour is under the auspices of Mrs. Philip M. Lydig, of New York, and certainly we have much for which to thank her. It will soon be ten years since Zuloaga loomed upon America, but this present show is the first one in which adequately he has come before us to enforce his claim to be considered one of the greatest of living painters—the very greatest, indeed, if one can go all the way with the Zuloagistas.

I could almost find myself going all the way were it not for what, in the beginning, I have denoted as prompting me to a somewhat idle meditation. It is to me quite beyond argument that, let us say, as compared to Mr. John S. Sargent (who, by the way, contributes to the catalogue of the exhibit an eulogistic foreword) the Spaniard appears a giant and the American a trifle. Yes—it is so. Yet as I sauntered from room to room and "took in" one by one the forty-odd canvases, I found the absence of poetry or romance in the end somewhat disconcerting. That modernity for the most part spurns poetry and revels in—free verse; that it ridicules romance and prefers psycho-pathology—of that I am well aware. And I have all sorts of consideration for modernity, together with some doubts and even more ennui. Yet I must stick to my own reactions and I cannot without hypocrisy allege that I can get along, aesthetically, without at least a modicum of both poetry and romance. And when they are altogether lacking, why, in the classic phrase of a former generation, I must absquatulate the premises and leave the muttons to others.

But just here Zuloaga has not entirely failed me. For he is not so modern as to be able absolutely to dispense with poetry or romance. He has mixed them with his paint to a certain extent and while you have, for the most part, to deplore their absence and to ruminate upon the staggering greatness of the man had they been his familiars, here and there they are apparent to the searching eye, if not to the superficial.

Zuloaga, as we know, is a Basque, and as a rule we think of Spain in terms that Andalusia or Castile invented for us—or, perhaps, we have invented for them! There is nothing of this Spain about the Basques and that is, it may be supposed, the principal secret of the power of Zuloaga, just as it is of the power of those two deaf-mute brothers, Valentin and Ramon Zubiarrre, who are younger men than Zuloaga, who have perhaps learned some tricks from him but yet may, in the end, surpass him. Of the poetry that is in them we may say that it is all of a piece—a poetry essentially unlyrical, something somber yet richly colored, a little, yes, more than a little gloomy, fierce and primitive, something strongly racial and intensely vivid and direct, despite the almost Parisian perfection of technic with which it is developed and, as it were, clothed and garmented.

Like a true Spaniard, nevertheless, Zuloaga paints what he sees and knows and not that of which he

has dreamed. Has he ever dreamed? Somehow, one comes to doubt it—except in the presence of his landscapes. Never in that of his human subjects—or, at least, almost never. We feel there that his power of divination and presentation approach the diabolic. But when we contemplate his landscapes we at length surprise the dreamer. His "Segovia" and "Sepulveda"—surely these are dream cities. And "La Virgen de la Peña"—that too is an evocation, "atmosphere" as opposed to his usual visual envelope. Among his figure pieces I find at least three poems, namely, "The Philosopher," "The Cardinal" and the portrait of "La Trini." In the last Zuloaga perhaps permits himself the nearest approach to *morbidezza* to which he can condescend. In the catalogue, Mr. Christian Brinton describes it as "an early canvas revealing the persistence of Goya and the romantic tradition." I had not noticed that until just now, as I have a bad habit of thinking and feeling about painting without first consulting the commentators. Yet it happens that in this instance the commentator doth not bewray me. "The Philosopher" is possibly a prose poem, but the poetry is present—a very profound poetry indeed. Heaven may or may not have laid about this thinker in his infancy, but assuredly in his approach to the sunset his thoughts lie too deep for tears—or words. Yet from the canvas he speaks with a most impressive eloquence of silence. "The Cardinal" is a poetic drama in one magnificent tableau. It is a gorgeous thing, merely as painting, and excepting that it is not at all an illustration, it might serve for one for a poem that Robert Browning should have written. I hate to think of this painting's ever leaving America and if I were a Maecenas I would purchase it, "regardless of expense," and present it to one of our principal museums. It is a pleasure to me to think that "The Philosopher" is owned in this country, being the property of Mrs. Lydig, who seems for that reason a lady greatly to be envied.

Every time I visited the exhibition I found a crowd of painters and critics congregated before the two canvases which, much more vividly than the one referred to ("La Trini"), reveal the persistence in Zuloaga of the Goyesque tradition. For these *majas desnudas* I cannot profess the excessive admiration which, among the painters and the critics, they seemed to excite. As examples of what Zuloaga can do with paint and brushes their interest is undeniable, as well as of what, as drawing, he, a man who never took a drawing lesson (or for that matter, a painting lesson either) is capable. There is something rather cruel about the "Nude Woman with Blue Parrot"—you are sensible of an exposure in the full sense of the term, even though the woman herself perhaps enjoys it. The fleshiness is so utter, so destitute of all psychologic impact, being saved—if one can use such a word in such a circumstance—by none of the implications that, for instance, save the "Olympe" of Manet. Manet's courtesan has a brain, if not a soul—Zuloaga's has neither. And there is something hideous in the growing grossness of the flesh and the tell-tale hand which holds the fan—that common old hand of this common "old hand" in the oldest of professions.

The portrait of Mme. la Comtesse de Noailles, in which Mr. Brinton avows that the "grand manner" is attained, seems to me rather to fall to pieces as a composition, as does the group of *toreros*, "Future Idols." The portraits of the painter's "Cousin Candida" are almost pure *Goyescas*, as are the "Young Woman With Fan" and others that might be named. The "Women of Sepulveda" is really a decoration, as is "Anita Ramirez on a Yellow Couch"—but in the latter there is a something almost wistful that we seldom expect of Zuloaga—something almost melting and altogether lovely.

But I will not farther extend these notes—which pretend to be nothing else and are, perhaps, impertinences in view of the criticism, comment and exegesis that is growing up about this painter, who is now forty-seven and comes somewhat late into the towering reputation now so completely and, it may surely be said, so deservedly his.

## The Old Bookman

CONFESSIONS OF LEARNED IGNORANCE.

By Horace Flack

XI. "WITH FLAXMAN'S ILLUSTRATIONS."

I BELIEVE that with a piece of charcoal between his thumb and forefinger, Flaxman, with one motion of his wrist could have swept a circle, perfect, with every point of its circumference equally distant from its center. The man who can do this has power. It is the power of the seeing eye and of the craftsman's hand, schooled to obey the seeing eye. We are born with tongues. We must learn to speak. We are born with eyes. We must learn to see. The living world around us has in it all the principles of order, of beauty, of power. They meet our eyes at every turn. It is intended that as we learn to see them, our tongues should learn to translate them into speech and our hands to express them in marble, bronze or granite, in pictures, music and machinery.

Knowing that Flaxman had gained this power of eye and hand from living nature, I was glad when I found an old book with the proof of his power in it. It was Felton's edition of Homer's *Iliad*, James Monroe and Company, Boston, 1847. Flaxman's picture of the parting between Hector and his wife, Andromache, is opposite page 96. It is eloquent in every line. Not a line is wasted. Every movement of every line has life in it. It is very quiet. It is very powerful. It is classical.

What would the best man do when he knows that those he loves best are hopelessly wrong, with the odds against them, the omens against them, the gods against them, fate against them, Justice against them? Hector's answer was to go out to die for them, when he knew that his death could not save them. He did it quietly, as Flaxman shows. The wife of such a man does not tear passion to tatters. You do not see her tears. Her head is still on her husband's shoulder as he has turned to go. The nurse, a few feet away, holds a child and, as the first-born of this beautiful young man and young woman, it is a beautiful child. Perhaps it is about to smile. You cannot decide. For Flaxman is classical. The first principle of power, as it becomes grace, is restraint.

This is the beginning of the end for the greatest world-tragedy. It has been going on since the beginning. It is the tragedy of life, world without end. The worst men triumph for the best cause. The best man dies for the worst. In the *Iliad*, there is only one man with a mind of his own. It is Ulysses. He can use his own mind to save himself, and he does it. He can use it to force the triumph of the best cause against the worst and he does it. What he cannot do is to save the worst men from what they deserve because of all they have done before and after they triumphed. Homer makes that another story. The *Iliad* ends when its own highest truth is expressed. Not another word is said after they have buried Hector—the best man who has died for those he loves, because he loved them better than his own life when they were hopelessly wrong, past the possibility of changing, loving their own wrong better than they loved him. When he is dead and buried, the *Iliad* closes with silence. Hope was buried with Hector.

The greatest power works in restraint through grace. The earthquake and cyclone are mere disturbances. Between March and May, the angle of sunlight changes silently. The change is quiet, restrained, and we know it only as a pleasing warmth, until we begin to see it in the beauty of blooming hills, promising the grace of June, and the fruit of Autumn. Flaxman knew what this means and knew how to translate it into the power and beauty which make his work classical. He knew also how to translate Homer's meaning from Greek. But those who learn with their own eyes from life itself need not know what Flaxman knew of Greek to be classical.

## The Eve of an Attack

FROM THE DIARY OF A DOCTOR  
ON THE WESTERN FRONT

By Capt. Austin Macauley  
R. A. M. C., B. E. F.

My battalion had just come out of the trenches after a trying time, and rumor was busy that after a night's rest in billets we were to march to an unknown destination to take part in a big attack. Everybody asked where, and when, but nobody knew anything definitely except the C. O., and he would not speak. We rested for the night in a small town a few miles behind our late sector, and a few other officers and myself occupied an old, uninhabited chateau. I slept in a room where Napoleon was reputed to have slept in the early part of one of his campaigns. The old chateau was surrounded by a wood, and a wind storm made the tall trees groan and wail. Sleep was easy notwithstanding the noise of the storm outside and the busy preparations of the transport in the courtyard below.

We were on the march early next morning and rested for the night in a large town still not knowing our destination, but on the following morning our march took a definite turn towards a well-known portion of the line and then everybody guessed the point where we were to enter the furnace again.

Weary and footsore we arrived at our new billets behind the sector upon which the great attack was to take place and were told that we would be allowed a few days' rest before going into the line. Rest in billets is rest in name only. It means a vigorous training in the day and often large fatigue parties in the line at night.

The question of the moment was what part we were to take in the contemplated attack—were we to go over the lid again to find "death or glory," or were we to stand the preparatory bombardment and at the same time do all the carrying of munitions and stores and make the initial preparations so necessary to the success of any operation? As it turned out, the latter was the role we had to play—in many respects the hardest and at the same time the most inglorious.

During our time in billets I visited the battalion in the line in order to see my future aid post and learn the ways and means of evacuating wounded. The roads leading to the line were choked with large ammunition wagons, transports and ambulances, and things were moving with a restless energy.

To reach the trenches I had to cross an open plain by a path that led to a town through which the trenches ran. The plain was dotted with artillery batteries carefully concealed, and although the enemy was aware of their presence, he evidently did not know their exact position, for he continually bombarded the plain, and yet no battery seemed to suffer. While I was passing, the enemy put a barage across the plain and I stood and watched the large shells sweep across the fields in a row, and I could not help noticing what little effect the bursting shells had upon the gunners tending our batteries. In the center of the plain I saw a group of gunners resting and smoking pipes. A shell fell alongside them and they did not even take the pipes out of their mouths but

merely turned and looked at the hole in the ground. It would have blown the group to pieces, but fortunately, it was a "dud."

The afternoon was dark and foggy, and, notwithstanding an almost continuous artillery bombardment, a strange feeling as of a brooding silence seemed to envelop the town. Large carrying parties, engineers, artillery observers, and staff officers quietly moved about the place; big shells burst here and there, and yet that strange feeling of a dead and silent city was with one. At every street corner one expected to meet civilians, and especially women and children, and to see people about their ordinary callings, but not even a dog or a cat or any other domestic trace was to be seen, and one felt the loss although one knew that the presence of these things was impossible. The walls of the houses were still erect although battered, but few roofs existed. A heap of rubbish represented a beautiful church in pre-war times.

In the middle of the town was a small, ornamental pond, and it was in-

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teresting to see the large shells falling in the water and temporarily converting the pond into a geyser. A row of giant poplars once surrounded the pond but they were now torn to shreds. The enemy intermittently shelled certain streets and cross roads. Still every man moved about the place seemingly assured that his time had not come.

In the trenches beyond the town the battalion holding the line were busy placing their stores, machines guns, and trench mortars, but were constantly interrupted by enemy high explosive shells, and casualties were frequently coming into the aid post. The enemy knew what was being done and for what purpose.

In passing through the town to the plain beyond, from the trenches, I attended to two men in the street who

were hit with splinters of shells. As I emerged on the plain I found that the enemy were pouring lacrimatory or tear-shells on the various batteries that covered the plain in order to incapacitate the gunners, being unable to silence the batteries by high explosives. The tear-shells come through the air with the usual shriek and explode with practically no noise, and you think that they are "duds," but very soon your eyes begin to smart and water, and you feel the pungent odor. The enemy very often varies the process by sending chlorine shells over as well as the less harmful tear shells. I put on my gas helmet and nearly smothered the first minute or two, but soon got used to it and walked through the gas barage for a mile and a half. On this particular evening the enemy put nearly three thousand tear



and gas shells on a few acres of the plain.

In due course we took up our place in the line and the continual rain and sleet, the quagmires and mud of the trenches, the incessant shelling by both sides, and the many casualties particularly in the nights made it one of the most disagreeable and dangerous terms I have endured in the trenches. Large reserves of ammunition, rations, water and various stores had to be carried in the mud to the stepping-off points; raiding and patrolling parties were out nightly in "no man's land;" and wounded and gassed men (for gas shells were used frequently) were continually passing through in the nights. The men worked with extraordinary fervor. High explosive shells fell all round my aid post but none ever hit it, and I was not troubled on that score as the roof was capable of resisting anything but the heaviest shells, which were not used by the enemy on this occasion.

A company headquarters were situated close beside my aid post. I had a primitive meal with the company officers one evening and returned to my aid post to continue my work and to sleep when I could get the chance. About midnight high explosives were raking the trenches in my vicinity and one exploded close to my door. I heard something fall and I went out to find an officer dying on my door-step. He was on his knees, as if he wished to utter a prayer before dying. He was past all human aid and died just as I reached him. At first I did not recognize him; on examining his face I found that although there was no wound, all the bones of his face were broken by the concussion of the explosion and his features were past recognition. His left arm and shoulder were missing. He was blown into my door. It was his second day in the trenches, having recently arrived from England, and he seemed to be cool and steady under fire for the first time. I had my last meal that evening with him at the company headquarters, and his death was a shock to me, if any one case more than another could have shocked me. A short time afterwards I had a letter from his mother asking me to describe his last moments. It was a sad letter, for he was an only son.

The morning of the attack arrived. We left the trenches and went into reserve the night before. The guns roared all through the night but it would take an extraordinary bombardment to keep me awake and I slept till 4:30 a. m., when every gun along a front of five miles opened fire. I hastily got out of my tent to see the bursting shells but the morning was cold, dark and foggy and nothing appeared to my eyes though my ears were surfeited. Sometimes I fancied a similarity to the roar of many and mighty waves on a rock-bound coast; sometimes I felt as if the giant engines of a multitude of ocean-going vessels throbbed around me. The sharp tenor of the machine guns was distinguishable in that terrible orchestra playing "The Dead March" for many a good man—some of them doomed to lie long wounded in the slush and snow before the coming of the relief, temporal or eternal.

## Some New Books

By Alma Meyer

That a public defender is as necessary, if not more so, than a public prosecutor becomes apparent to the thoughtful reader of Mayer C. Goldman's "The Public Defender" (Putnam's, New York). Two of his premises are quite generally admitted, viz.: that the law in the United States is not administered alike to the rich and the poor and that the public prosecutor conceives it to be his duty to secure conviction. Under our present court system, bail, technicalities, expert testimony, able counsel, even public opinion as created by the press, aid in establishing the innocence, tempering justice with mercy or evading merited punishment—as the case may be—if the accused possess wealth and social position. If on the contrary he is poor, justice is more often than not denied him. Having no money to hire able counsel, the judge assigns to the accused's defense any young lawyer who may be idling in the courtroom—idling because of his very inexperience—and who may or may not be a shyster. Unable to furnish bail or to defray the cost of expert testimony, the prisoner's only hope lies in this inexperienced attorney. The assigned counsel often has absolutely no interest in his client's fate, since he serves without pay, and advises that he plead guilty, representing that a lighter sentence will result than were he to fight his case. Even should the assigned counsel be conscientious, he is inexperienced and has not an equal chance against the prosecuting attorney, who is—else he would not have attained to his position—one of the ablest men practicing in the court. This assertion, amplified by numerous examples, is made by Mr. Goldman after many years of practice at the New York bar, and is endorsed by Justice Wesley O. Howard, of the appellate division of the New York supreme court, who says that the poor man, no matter how innocent, is helpless and hopeless; that he is the prey of the policeman, the captive of the jailer, the butt of the other prisoners, the plaything of young lawyers; that though when under indictment he is permitted to go through the forms and appearances of a trial, his trial is only a mockery; that he dares not assert his innocence for fear of a double sentence and therefore pleads guilty.

For these reasons Mr. Goldman urges that all the state courts maintain a public defender, as able and as powerful as the public prosecutor, to be paid by the state, whose duty it shall be, as it is that of the public prosecutor, to secure justice whether the accused be innocent or guilty.

Through such a system it is contended that the "theoretical safeguards" surrounding the accused will be more effective; cases will be more honestly and ably presented; manufactured defenses will be reduced; unfair discrimination will be eliminated; disreputable attorneys will be unable to prolong cases; pleas of "guilty" will be minimized; the truth will be more available; expense will be decreased; criminal courts will be improved; guilty persons will not receive excessive punishment; and confidence in and respect for the law will be increased.

The various objections to such a sys-



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tem, which strangely enough come principally from bar associations, are considered and apparently controverted.

The public defender idea is not new. In European countries it has long been in operation. The German code provides state indemnity for those who

may have been the victims of legal injustice; at least the law says they may demand such indemnity. Here the state cannot be sued, though officials often are, without much result, for illegal arrest or oppression in office. Many of the western states have maintained such

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an office for several years—the very first American public defender was one in Oklahoma appointed by Miss Kate Bernard in 1912—but east of the Mississippi the only ones to be found are those of Columbus, Pittsburg and Evansville. According to Mr. Goldman, wherever put into execution the plan has proved an aid to justice. The idea is growing and should receive the careful consideration of every American, for nothing in our government is so near to each of us as the just operation of the laws.

❖

The Pennsylvania Dutch of the rural communities form the personal background of Helen R. Martin's latest novel "Those Fitzenbergers," which, like all her other books, is very readable. These Pennsylvania Dutch are drawn as stolid, stingy, ignorant, inimical to education or progress of any sort; the male an autocratic tyrant and the female passively submissive. But, however amusing these

people may be—when not pathetic or disgusting—in the pages of a book, actual association with them would be galling to the average American. Mrs. Martin writes as though she had endured this personal contact. The *Spitzenbergers* were a family ostracized by these same Pennsylvania Dutch, the reason for the ostracism being a mystery to the daughter *Lydia*, who had lived her twenty young years without speaking to anyone but her taciturn father and his giddy second wife. About this time the son of the *Wagenhorsts* fell in love with *Lydia*, and a financially independent minister and his wife came to live in Virginsburg; these two circumstances opened new vistas and *Lydia's* remarkable development follows. Mrs. Martin possesses the ability liberally to endow her literary creations with humor and this one is saturated.

❖

Frank Wing in his various "albums" has an idea that would contribute large-

ly to the nation's fund of mirth and humor if he would only execute it in a more kindly fashion. His work in "The Family Album" (Reilly & Britton Co., Chicago) is crabbed by a lack of true sympathy for his subjects. He evidences great familiarity with country people, their manners and customs, their habits of thought and peculiarities of expression. His "fotygrafts" are undoubtedly caricature copies of tintypes and daguerreotypes and cabinet-photos to be found in the red plush album which lies in state on the marble top of the parlor table in many a rural home; but—and it is a large but—he does not indicate any conception of the real character of these people. He holds them up to ridicule as ignorant, ill-natured braggarts, forgetting the popular country adage that "clothes do not make the man" and seemingly unaware that a rough exterior often hides a courteous disposition. "The Family Album" is best described as a kind of incredibly vulgarized "Spoon River Anthology" in pictures and prose. There are no big motives or passions revealed in it. The work is kept upon a mean, contemptuous plane. There are places where the only word for it is "cheap." It is an education in human values to compare Wing's somewhat "snide" view of life with the better yet

pitiful bigness of Edgar Lee Masters. One is an uncharitable "josh" of folks upon their poor points; the other is a master ironist. There is one notable exception to this condemnation of this interesting yet disappointing work. If Mr. Wing had injected into some of the recitals of characterization only a little of the happy geniality which distinguishes the likeness and obituary of *Claude Percy Tiltmarsh*, the book would be a scream.

❖❖❖

### The Training of a Husband

They had been married about three months and had been very cosy and happy in their boulevard apartment, when John began slipping back into his bachelor habit of taking supper, now and then, down town and coming home along about 10 or 11 o'clock with one plausible excuse and another framed up after the old client-from-out-of-town patterns.

But he would always faithfully phone the little woman about it. In fact, he would phone her twice, once about 5 o'clock to tell her that he couldn't possibly get home to supper that night and then again, along about 8 o'clock, to ask whether she was at all lonesome, or something to that effect. That last phone call began to worry her a little. Not that she was at all suspicious of John—she was a sensible, quiet little woman with trustful brown eyes—but she just got to wondering a little why he should think it necessary to phone her about nothing in particular that second time. Somewhere, some time, she had read that men did such things to make sure that their wives were really at home and not, by chance, on a little trip down town on their own account. She thought she detected a note of apprehension in John's voice at times, that could not be entirely accounted for on the ground of solicitude. Once or twice she was really tempted to drop downtown after the 8 o'clock call some night and give John a pleasant surprise at the office. But she didn't. She just kept on thinking quietly about the matter, but said nothing.

At first it only happened one or two nights of the week. But John gradually "hunched" on the little woman, as his confidence grew, until he had business down town about every other night. Still she didn't complain. She wasn't the nagging kind. She just kept on thinking, but always she met him with a sweet, trusting smile, on his return home in the late hours, with the usual remark about how tired he must be. Then, after much patience and silent worry, she reached one of those eternal feminine determinations to put a stop to it, and she did it in her own eternal feminine way. And here's how:

She had made some acquaintances in the apartment building—some that her husband had never met. There was a young couple upstairs that she had chummed up a little with. They were in her apartment one night when the usual 8 o'clock call came in. She turned sweetly to the man and said:

"You answer it—just tell him that he's got the wrong number—it's somebody that calls up here every night about this time."

The man did as he was bid and did



it man fashion—"Get off the line; you're in the wrong pew."

In a few minutes hubby called again and this time the little woman answered the call.

"Why, no, dear, not a soul. I guess it's somebody got in on the line," she said. "Will you be home soon, dear?"

Every night that the couple upstairs happened to call, she let the man answer the 8 o'clock call. The third night that this happened hubby came home at 9 o'clock rather unexpectedly. The young couple upstairs had only stopped writes as though she had endured this personal contact. The *Fitzsbergers* in a few minutes and had gone out to the picture show. He gave a quick glance around his apartments and then one at his wife, as she gave him the usual late honeymoon kiss, saying:

"Oh, I'm so glad you come, dear. I have been rather lonesome."

"There's some gink breaks in on our line every time I try to telephone you," said the husband. "It's got to be quite an annoyance."

"I'm sure I can't imagine who it could be," she said, demurely. "There's no one on our line, is there?"

"No. But it looks kind of funny that it should happen so often and you'd think he owned the company, the way he talks."

His next night out, he didn't phone at all, but came home about 7:30 o'clock. He sat around in his smoking jacket until 8 o'clock and then proposed that they go down town to the show.

He took supper at home for several evenings after that and one night the young couple upstairs came in. On being introduced and hearing the man's voice, a puzzled frown came over John's brow, but he said nothing. Only he gave his wife a suspicious look, which she met with a smile of infantile innocence.

And now they all play whist together almost every night and hubby's business down town has dwindled away to nothing.—*Kansas City Star*.

♦♦♦

## Marts and Money

They have a nice and prosperous market on the New York stock exchange. Prices are rising, and business is broadening. United States Steel common is quoted at 134 $\frac{7}{8}$ , a new top price, and expected to reach the 150-mark in the near future. Some sanguine oracles are not afraid of predicting 200. Brokers are in a happy mood. They smile expansively as they survey their growing concourse of customers and open new accounts in their ledgers that are likely to yield 5 or 6 per cent interest for many months. "The public is coming back," they say, "because confidence has been restored." The advance of \$20 in the quoted value of Steel common has turned the trick. It has opened new entrancing vistas of easy roads to quick riches. The feeling of joyful satisfaction is intensified by the display of vigorous buying of copper, oil, and shell stocks. The quotations for these show appreciation varying from eight to ten points when contrasted with the records of a week ago. Crucible Steel, for example, which was rated at 78, is now avidly taken at 79 $\frac{3}{4}$ . It never has paid a dividend. In the first impetuous war boom, that of 1915, the stock went to

109 $\frac{7}{8}$ . The maximum in 1916 was 99 $\frac{1}{2}$ .

Anaconda Copper, which was quoted at 80 a week ago, is in good demand at 87. The upward movement in this case was attended by glowing gossip concerning prospective earnings and the significance of President Ryan's joining one of the government's war committees. It is now taken for granted that the purchases of red metal for national and allied account will be concluded at prices implying material profits to producers and a maintenance of existing fine dividend rates. Inspiration Copper indicates an advance from 57 to 65 $\frac{1}{2}$ . Wall street's purveyors of bull news have it that the Anaconda has resumed purchases of Inspiration on a big scale, with the intention of securing full control. The company acquired fifty thousand shares in the course of 1916, according to the recently published annual report. We are given to understand, in this connection, that ultimately there will be only two great, dominant groups in the American copper industry—the Anaconda-Inspiration and the Kennecott-Utah. Whether such is the real underlying purpose, remains to be proved. It does not seem safe to consider it a guiding fact in a time of violent manipulation and perplexing possibilities in finance and industries in the next few years. No thought is bestowed, apparently, upon the possibility that the federal department of justice might have something disagreeable to say in the event of a resurgence of vaulting ambitions in the spacious fields of monopolistic efforts. This strange indifference to former terrors may be the outcome, in part, of the resetting for argument of the anti-trust suit against the United States Steel Corporation, which has been pending in the supreme court since October, 1911. Wall street dispatches contain hints that it has been decided by the national administration to forego the exquisite pleasure of "trust-busting" until the return of peace. This conjecture cannot be claimed to be altogether ridiculous. It fits in with the grand schemes of organizing all the financial and industrial resources of the nation. Under present conditions, it would hardly be prudent to disrupt such splendidly constituted properties as the Steel and Harvester Corporations. They are excellently prepared to render precisely such effective services as the momentous crisis in the country's affairs urgently calls for. The hopeful ratiocination with regard to the supreme court's action may be taken to be supported by the announcement that the Steel Corporation has authorized one of its principal subsidiaries—the American Bridge Co.—to enter the ship-building business.

Automobile issues still feel the depressing effects of talk stressing the increasing cost of labor and material, heavy federal taxation, and the probability of decreasing demand for cars. It is likely, it seems to me, that the campaign of pessimism has been started with ulterior discreditable purposes. The quotations for shares of this category are not at absurd levels; they denote very substantial declines from the high marks of 1916 and 1915. Besides, latest statements as to gross and net earnings are not at all disquieting. While they reveal some shrinkage, they do not uphold misgivings regarding the ability of

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the principal companies to continue disbursing surplus funds at rates now effective. The possibility or probability of cuts in dividend rates on some of the common stocks may justly be regarded as largely discounted at prevailing price levels. Take Maxwell Motor common, for instance, which pays 10 per cent per annum. The ruling quotation for it is 48½, or more than 50 below the high record of last September. It is not unreasonable to believe that in the event of a reduction in the dividend rate to, say, 6 per cent, the market quotation will undergo no further serious damage, if any at all.

The copper market shows increasing firmness. Spot electrolytic now is held at 32 to 34 cents in New York. The last-named figure shows a loss of only 3 cents when compared with the high record of 1916. For third-quarter delivery the maximum price is 31 cents. Further improvement is confidently looked for. It is based upon intimations of enormous buying for allied account. In circumspet quarters it is argued that the national and allied governments will not feel disposed to pay present high prices in case of an indefinite prolongation of the struggle in Europe. But this sort of theorizing is but lightly regarded

in prevailing circumstances; it is a trifle too remote for cliques and gamblers who are diligently striving to liquidate at high prices the bulky holdings of copper stocks acquired by them at the low notches of two or three months ago. In the lead and steel trades, also, prices still tend toward higher levels. The prevailing New York price of lead is 10½ cents a pound, against 4 to 4½ cents in 1913 and the first half of 1914.

Students of foreign exchange rates bestow close attention upon the movements of bills on Petrograd. The existing quotation is 26¾ cents, or just about 49 per cent below the normal—52 cents. A week ago, the quotation was 27¾ cents. The gyrations in this case are intimately reflective of changes in political conditions in the Muscovite empire. Rates for exchange on London, Paris and Rome indicate no noteworthy variations. They have so far responded but slightly to the sustaining influences of loans lately granted by Washington to allied governments. Loan rates in New York are steady at previous levels. There are no anticipations of material changes in the next few weeks, the liberty loan notwithstanding. The New York banks and trust companies now hold excess reserves of approximately \$176,500,000. This amount implies an increase of nearly \$30,000,000. The federal authorities are said to be somewhat miffed over the continued outflow of gold to Japan. They cannot see any good reasons for it. So far this year, Nippon has drawn \$50,000,000 from New York.

The prices of railroad stocks denote no important betterment. They are kept from rising in substantial degrees by the numerous reports of severe decreases in earnings, especially in net. The Erie, for example, reported a loss of about 90 per in net in March. Denver & Rio Grande bonds and shares were startlingly injured by a decision of the U. S. district court in New York holding the company responsible to the amount of \$32,272,000 on account of its guaranty, many years ago, of the principal and interest of Western Pacific 5 per cent bonds. Stockholders of the company are already organizing in order to protect their interests.

#### Finance in St. Louis

It was a quiet week for dealers in local stocks and bonds. On the exchange the bidding was not spirited at any time or in any prominent quarter. Neither was there a pronounced disposition on the part of the owners to offer holdings at concessions in prices. Close heed was paid to the run of news from Wall street. It was argued that the striking improvement in that market should soon find interesting response in financial affairs in St. Louis. Speculators eager to make a profitable turn of ten to fifteen points felt encouraged over the advance of \$5 in the quotation for Wagner Electric, the leading war stock of the St. Louis market. Approximately three hundred shares were taken at 185 to 190. Holders receive quarterly dividends at the rate of 8 per cent per annum. Fifteen Chicago Railway Equipment brought 104.25, a price showing no important change from the previous level. Ely-Walker D. G. second preferred reflects firm support at 87.50; fifty shares were transferred at this figure, which

is only two points under the top notch of 1916. The yearly dividend rate is 6 per cent. Of the 7 per cent first preferred stock, sixty shares were sold at 107.50, which compares with a maximum of 112 in 1916.

There was a little more activity in public service issues. Four thousand dollars Missouri-Edison Electric 5s brought 98.50 to 99.25, and \$4,000 Laclede Gas Light first mortgage 5s, 100 to 100.12½. These figures denote declines of about two and a half points when compared with last year's best records. Than this more convincing evidence of high intrinsic value could not be demanded. There's any number of first-class bonds whose New York quotations indicate depreciation ranging from five to ten points. Of United Railways 4s, \$9,000 were taken at 59. Last year's maximum was 64¼; the minimum, 58¾. The causes for the disappointing market position of these securities are too well known to call for elaborate explanations. Ninety shares of United Railways preferred were disposed of at 16, a figure showing a loss of one point for the week.

Bank shares were not particularly conspicuous on the exchange. Sixty-five Bank of Commerce changed hands at 108.50 to 109, and seven St. Louis Union Trust at 350. The quotations for other shares of this class are practically unchanged. They plainly intimate that representative owners are not tempted to let go around prevailing figures.

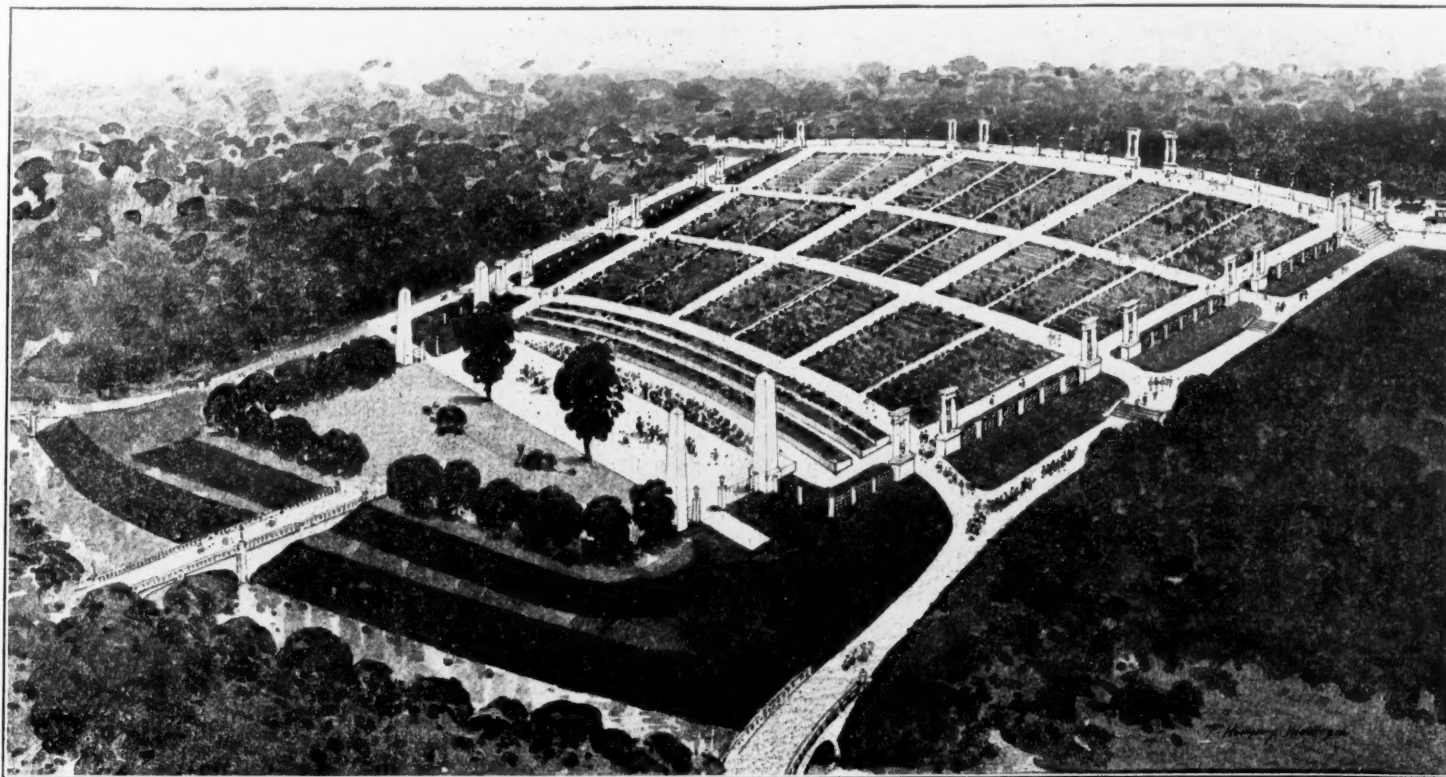
#### Answers to Inquiries

READ, St. Louis—The common stock of the Kelly-Springfield Tire Co. is essentially speculative, as may readily be inferred from the current price of 55, which denotes a net yield of almost 30 per cent, the annual dividend rate being 16 per cent. It is not believed in tutored circles that this rate can be maintained for any length of time. In view of the existing skepticism as to the future of automobile stocks, largely based on high cost of production and war taxation, it is quite doubtful if their quotations will return to the maximum figures of last year, which in the case under consideration was 85¼. Gains of ten to twenty points are likely to be registered, though, in the event of a sustained bull campaign in Wall street.

W. H. H., Roswell, N. M.—Montana Power common should resolutely be held. The company is in prosperous condition, and its prospects are decidedly encouraging. The dividend rate was raised from 4 to 5 per cent the other day, and may be 6 per cent before the end of the year. The stock's best quotation in 1916 was 114¾. You would not be indiscreet if you increased your holdings at propitious opportunities. In 1916, the company earned 9.2 per cent on the common, after payment of 7 per cent on the preferred. In 1915, the record was 3.7.

FINANCIER, Tyler, Tex.—It is possible but not probable that the Colorado Fuel & Iron Co. may declare a dividend on its common stock in the next twelve months. All accumulated dividends on the preferred were paid off some months ago. This year's earnings will substantially exceed those of 1916. It is reasonable to hold, therefore, that the common stock's quotation should go beyond last year's top level of 63¾. New maxi-





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num figures already have been established for United States Steel and Republic Steel common. These stocks have broad markets, however; moreover, they pay good dividend rates, and may pay still more before long. Colorado Fuel is a promising speculation—nothing more, at this time.

MEDICUS, Hagerstown, Md.—The 3½ per cent bonds of the Chicago & Alton are a decidedly speculative investment. Their ruling price of 46 compares with a maximum of 57½ in 1916. In February, 1906, they were selling at 82. They are first lien securities. The Union Pacific being in control of the Alton, it is generally assumed that the property will fully be protected in times of adversity. But one cannot be positive about this. If one could, the bonds would be quoted at about 65 even in prevailing uncertain conditions.

INQUIRER, Logansport, Ind.—(1) National Lead common should advance further, considering the persistent strength of the lead market, and prospects of a 5 per cent dividend at a not distant date. Last September, the stock sold at 74¾; since then, it has been down to 52. The current price of 57 means a net return of 7 per cent. The stock has an active and broad market at irregular intervals. (2) There's much enticing talk about Superior Steel common. It is a wholly speculative proposition, but may develop into a good thing if Wall street's bull cart is not badly upset in one way or another. If you can afford to run the risk, you might as well stick to your certificate a while longer.

## New Books Received

Orders for any books reviewed in REEDY'S MIRROR will be promptly filled on receipt of purchase price, with postage added, when necessary. Address, REEDY'S MIRROR, St. Louis, Mo.

WHO CAN BE HAPPY AND FREE IN RUSSIA? by Nicholas Nekrassov. New York: Oxford University Press; 45c.

A translation by Juliet M. Soskice of the Russian national epic in its entirety, with a short biography of the poet, by David Soskice. India paper, cloth bound, pocket size, portrait frontispiece.

STREETS AND FACES by Scudder Middleton. Arlington, N. J.: Little Book Publisher; 75c.

The first collection of Mr. Middleton's work, being for the most part poems of the city and its social and economic problems. The volume includes "Mother."

PROFILES FROM CHINA by Eunice Tietjens. Chicago: Ralph Fletcher Seymour.

Free verse sketches of people and things seen in the interior.

THE DERELICT by Phyllis Bottome. New York: Century Co.; \$1.35.

A novelette and five short stories by the author of "The Dark Tower."

THE TRELOARS by Mary Fisher. New York: T. Y. Crowell; \$1.35.

A new and rather serious novel, satirizing some of society's pet foibles, by the author of "The Journal of a Recluse." Miss Fisher is a resident of St. Louis.

IS CIVILIZATION A DISEASE? by Stanton Coit. Boston: Houghton-Mifflin; \$1.00.

The defects of civilization ably considered and ways for improvement pointed out. An essay founded in a measure on Edward Carpenter's "Civilization: its Cause and Cure," being one of a series delivered by representative scholars and men of affairs on the various phases of moral law in its bearing on business life, at the University of California, on the Weinstock foundation.

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WAR by Pierre Loti. Philadelphia: Lippincott; \$1.25.

Chapters from a diary extending from the beginning of the war to early 1916, through which is breathed sympathy and pity for France and all Frenchmen, and hatred of Germany and the Germans. Translated by Marjorie Lauric.

THE LIFE OF ROBERT HARE by Edgar F. Smith. Philadelphia: Lippincott; \$5.00.

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PEACOCK PYE by Walter de la Mare. New York: Holt; \$2.00.

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STATE SOCIALISM PRO AND CON edited by William English Walling and Harry W. Laidler. New York: Holt; \$2.00.

Official documents and other authoritative selections showing the world-wide replacement of private by governmental industry before and during the war, being data rather than arguments, presented without the personal opinions of the editors, with the object of portraying the extent of this condition at present and suggesting its probable future development. The volume includes a chapter on municipal socialism by Evans Clark. Indexed.

OUR UNITED STATES ARMY by Helen S. Wright. New York: Robt. J. Shores; \$1.50.

A compact and brief summary of the army's work in the development and upbuilding of the country. With an introduction by Major-General Leonard Wood. Frontispiece.

THE ECHO OF VOICES by Richard Curle. New York: A. Knopf; \$1.50.

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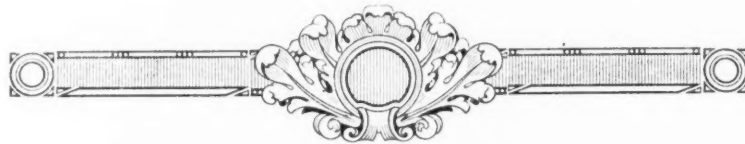
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